

THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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PLAYING GRANDMA.

PLAYING GRANDMA.

Do you see what Gertrude Young is doing? She is playing grandma. She has on grandma's spectacles and lace cap. She looks very sober about her play, and is trying to make folks think that she is a real grandma; but her face is so young and fair, and its whole expression so unlike that of an old lady, that she can deceive nobody by her dress.

Many people think that it is very easy to pass themselves off for what they are not, but it is not so very easy after all. The boy who is dishonest cannot long succeed in making people think that he is honest. The girl who is untruthful cannot long make people think that she always speaks the truth. We may deceive folks for a while, but sooner or later they will be pretty sure to find us out.

Many people try to deceive others by their dress, just as Gertrude is trying to do, only she is doing it in fun while they do it in earnest. But these people do not succeed half so well as they think they do. Fine clothes do not make us fine ladies and gentlemen, and they will not make sensible folks think that we are. Of all the folly in the world there is none greater than that of trying to deceive people by our dress.

For The Dayspring.

MAMMA'S VERDICT.

BY EGBERT L. BANGS.

"He has done splendidly this morning!" So said mamma, one bright Saturday forenoon to papa as he came out of the library and stood a moment on the piazza, looking at the budding clematis, and the green grass, where, about twice a minute, a pert robin would spring up from the ground at least a foot, to nab a careless fly. Who was it that had done splendidly, and by so doing had made a dear woman render her verdict of approbation with a smile of pleasure? He is up stairs now, tidying himself up for a pleasant time the rest of the day. Who was it that had done so splendidly? Oh, a boy, only a boy, and yet a good boy is about the choicest treasure in this world. I don't wonder that the Roman mother Cornelia said her children were her jewels. She did not call them cornelians, but no doubt they were more to her than the rarest gems would have been.

What had mamma's boy done that pleased her so much? The croquet ground had just been mowed, and he had set the arches with wonderful accuracy and good taste. He had brought the rustic chairs from the chamber where they had been stored during the winter, and had placed the balls and mallets in an angle of the bay window, where they would be ready for use when wanted. But that was not all. He had put the barn in perfect order; and a barn, though not often as nice as a house, can be greatly improved by what an old colored cook in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," used to call "a clarin up time." Then he had split a box full of kindling wood, that was brought in long pieces from a saw-mill, that saws up every year hundreds of

the finest pine-trees that grow in Michigan. The Indians are gone, and soon the pine-trees that used to shelter their wigwams will be gone too. The boy has some hens, and sells the eggs where he is sure to eat his full share of them. He had spaded the hen-yard nicely that morning, and each biddy then had a fresh wallowing place, that she enjoyed as heartily as the dog does a roll on the grass, or as a little boy does a nice clean bed when he is tired. All these things and several more he had done this morning, and it was Saturday morning, too. The rest of the day is his. He can fish in Thread River Pond, play ball, do anything except go where good boys have no business to be seen. He will surely have a good time. Why? Because, all the rest of the day, he will hear, like the warble of a bird, singing in his heart, the echo of his mother's words, "He has done splendidly this morning."

FLINT, MICHIGAN.

For The Dayspring.

WILLIE AND THE CALF.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a bright fall day; the sun was going down behind the elm-tree; it was time the chores on the place were done for the night. So thought Willie, as he lay on the grass, looking at the red-and-white bossy tied to a tree. She was a harmless-looking calf, and kept winking her great blue eyes lazily at Willie, in the most innocent manner. Willie felt ashamed to have it said he could n't manage her. "Uncle Frank said I must not get the calf in, even if he did not get home early; but I am sure I could lead her in just as safe as anybody; she could not hurt a fly. I have got the cow from pasture, got the eggs from the

hen-house, fed the pig, — now I'm going to lead that calf in, even if Uncle Frank *did* tell me not to."

Willie was a boy who generally minded what was said to him, and was careful to obey; so he seldom got into trouble. I'm sorry to say this time he did as he pleased, and you will see the result.

"Mother said I must do just as Uncle Frank told me, and he said, 'Be sure and not untie the calf.' I want to, and I begin to feel as *though I must*. I'd like to show them what a brave boy I am, not afraid of a skinny calf."

The tempting bossy chewed her cud, and snapped the flies off with her bushy tail, and kept bobbing her head, as much as to say, "Come and try it. I look meek, and no wonder you think you can lead me; I wish you would try. Never mind about doing as you are told."

In the kitchen Maria was building the fire for tea; the rest of the family were picking over blueberries on the east piazza; a loud noise brought the whole party to their feet. They knew it was the calf in distress.

The boys know what a noise a calf can make when it throws up its heels, its head, and its tail all at one time, and can imagine what a sight met Maria's gaze, who was first at the window. The calf was going across the garden at full speed, with Willie clinging to the rope. Quick as a wink, she gave a bound that sent him headlong into the onion-bed. Away went the calf singing, —

"Now you see, now you see,
I bobbed my head, and said I'd be free."

We never knew how it happened. Willie *would n't* tell, and the calf *couldn't*.

He was hatless, buttonless, and torn; he thought seriously about the mishap, as he sat rolled up in a shawl while his

mother mended his trousers. At last he said, "I guess mother and Uncle Frank knew best, after all, and I wish I had minded them. I promise I will never try to lead her again, but will be good to her and carry her water and gruel. I'm sure she did not mean any harm, and was only playing horse with me."

What became of the calf ?

Oh! she stopped in the clover-patch, and finding none of us tried to catch her, marched proudly into the barn, with the long rope dragging behind.

Willie has grown to be a man, and has a cow and horse of his own.

The calf has grown to be a nice cow, and has a red-and-white bossy whose name is May, because she came to life in this funny world in the month of May.

Willie remembered the lesson which all boys should learn, that it is better to trust those older and wiser, and thus save many a bump and bruise.

AUNT MARIE.

THE BOYS WHO ARE WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will,
Boys of muscle, brain, and power,
Fit to cope with anything, —
These are wanted every hour.

Not the weak and whining drones
That all trouble magnify;
Not the watchword of "I can't,"
But the noble one, "I'll try."

Do whate'er you have to do
With a true and earnest zeal;
Bend your sinews to the task,
"Put your shoulder to the wheel."

Though your duty may be hard,
Look not on it as an ill;
If it be an honest task,
Do it with an honest will. — *Selected.*

A LETTER ABOUT CATS.

MY DEAR GRANDSON, — I wish to tell you a nice little story about some cats. It was related to us by dear friends, whom we were visiting, at their fine place in the country.

There were two young sister-cats that had kittens the same day. After a while Fairy carried her two kittens and put them into the basket with Beauty's two kittens. They were carefully put back into their own basket, as the one seemed too small for both families.

But this did not suit little Fairy, and she persisted in returning her kittens to Beauty's basket as often as they were taken out. At length the kind mistress of the place procured a larger basket and allowed both families of mothers and kittens to dwell together. They did so in a most friendly way; and indeed it would seem as if it were under a special agreement. For Beauty nursed all four kittens, and Fairy acted as nursery-maid to all the family. She not only washed all the kittens, but Beauty too. Beauty would lie back in the most complacent manner and allow herself to be licked all over by Fairy. They also seemed to have agreed that both mothers should not leave the little ones at the same time, like good human mothers, who never leave their young children unprotected.

When Beauty went off for her constitutional stroll in the garden she evidently expected that Fairy would remain in the basket, as she always did when Fairy was away. But one day, when Beauty had been gone perhaps a little longer than usual, or than Fairy felt disposed to endure the confinement to her duty, the latter went off for a run also. But alas, she had more of a run than she had expected. For Beauty found her playing truant, and not

only chased Fairy all around the garden, but on coming up with her behind the barn, gave her a great punishment, by boxing her ears and sending her home in disgrace. I trust after this Fairy was perfectly faithful to her duty, like some little girls and boys who need not be punished more than once for the same fault.

Do you not see, my dear, that these young cats showed considerable intellect and affection in the ordering of their affairs?

Another story, told to us at the same time, makes it certain that one cat at least was not afflicted with color-blindness. Once when Beauty had kittens all maltese, one of her neighboring mothers had kittens of several colors, and one of them was maltese. Beauty seemed to think that one must belong to her, so she took it home and brought it up with her own kittens.

I need not moralize to you, my dear, for you surely know that intelligence demands respect, and weakness should have consideration; and therefore we must try to understand the lower animals, and be mindful of their wants, and do what we can to help them to enjoy life, so they need not exist only for the selfish uses of human beings.

Your loving

GRANDMOTHER.

P. S. A grandmother's letter may have a postscript, as well as a young lady's.

And thus I can tell you a little more about Beauty which will interest you, and give a lesson to little children in table-manners, which you will approve.

Beauty is the only one of the cats on our friend's place allowed in the dining-room; and however hungry she may be, she never mews or makes an unpleasant sound, but sits still waiting patiently for her turn to be fed. If she thinks she is forgotten, she

will sometimes stand up on her hind legs, and touch with her paw the arm of some one at table, as a reminder of her wants, and then sit down and await the result. At another time she will jump up and sit on the arm of her mistress's chair, and look wistfully at the table, without making any noise or trying to help herself. A newspaper is always spread on the floor, upon which she sits while waiting for her food. But if the newspaper happens to be forgotten, Beauty will, with great effort, pull a piece of paper out of the wood-basket, and if it tears so she can get only a small piece, she will try to curl her whole body and legs on to that, and wind her tail tightly around her, as though she had no right to be fed on the carpet.

Does she teach little people to be neat and patient at table? So you see we sometimes have lessons in virtue from dumb animals that have been kindly treated.

E. M. S. T.

AVOID EXPENSES.

THERE is a tendency in human nature to run to extremes. Some persons, in early childhood, develop a peculiar fondness for "saving the pennies," and hoarding everything that can possibly be spared from the necessities of their little lives. This habit, if indulged for years, will harden into repulsive covetousness. Guard against it, parents! On the other hand, wastefulness is characteristic of thousands. They *have not*, because they squander; they are never easy while there is any money in their pockets; and they seem, literally, to "take no thought for the morrow." Beware also of this extreme. — *Selected.*

If in youth you lay the foundations of your character wrongly, the penalty will be sure to follow.

For The Dayspring.

DOING ALL TO THE GLORY OF GOD.

BY FANNY OTIS.

It is a pleasant room with the bright afternoon sun "glorifying it," and bringing into full relief all its pictures, books, flowers, and tasty adornments.

A young lad sits by a bay-window apparently gazing upon the varied autumnal tints on shrub and tree; he is so engrossed that he does not notice his mother who stands at the open door taking in at a glance the scene before her. Her heart swells with love and gratitude, and a silent prayer for her son rises in her heart. Ah, how many voiceless prayers rise to the Good Father unknown to the little children!

She enters the room, and going to the window where her son sits, lays her hand on his shoulder. He starts. "Well, my boy, what are you thinking about?"

"My Bible-text for next Sunday, mother; it puzzles me sorely."

"Let me hear it, Harry, so that I may judge something of its puzzling qualities."

"Here is the card, mother, please read it aloud; I always understand things so much better after you have read them to me, than I do when I read them to myself;" and Harry placed the card in the dear hand extended to receive it.

The mother smiled as she glanced over it, then, looking in the expectant face of her ten-year-old boy, she read slowly: "Now, whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." After waiting a while she turned to Harry, — "Do you understand it any better now, my son?"

Harry shook his head, "I cannot tell; what puzzles me, mother, is, how are we ever to do anything to the glory of God?"

That's it, mother, and the more I think about it, the more bewildered I get; and, mother, God's glory, — just think of it, — that seems to me to be all his own, to depend upon and be within himself; and — O mother, what can I do 'to the glory of God'?"

"That is a serious question, my son, and requires a great deal of thought, but, if I am not mistaken, you will find a direct answer in the Bible."

"Oh, tell me where, dear mother."

"No, my child, seek for yourself, and in looking for that you will probably find many other texts that will help you through life."

It was not many days before Harry came to his mother telling her that he had found the text that answered his question.

"Read it to me, my son."

And Harry read: "Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."

For The Dayspring.

THE MARBLE BABY OF ST. MICHAEL'S.

You little ones have all heard of Robert Burns, the sweet Scottish poet. He is sometimes called the peasant poet of Scotland, because he was born a poor farmer's son. But he was born a poet too, and that is better than to be born a prince. If you have never read his poems you must get your papa or mamma or your big sister to read the verses written about a poor little field mouse whose nest Burns overturned with his plough; or the sweet, pathetic poem to Highland Mary, or the brave, true lyric, "A Man's a Man for a' that." It is well for you to become acquainted while you are children with the real poets who have written in our grand English tongue; you will be the better and

the happier for such knowledge all your lives.

But I do not mean this little sketch to be about Burns. I started to tell you of a lovely little statue of a baby that some travellers saw when they were visiting Dumfries, where Burns used to live. It was in the porch of St. Michael's Church, the church which Burns used to attend, and where he saw the not-to-be-mentioned little creature crawling on a lady's bonnet. He wrote verses about this l——, —there! I nearly wrote the word, —and you must read them also. This church is over a hundred years old, but that is a very young church for Old England, where there are buildings over a thousand years old. Indeed, the old town of Warwick is said to have been founded in the year 1 of the Christian era.

The baby, whose little marble statue I wish to tell you about, died nearly fifty years ago. It was the child of a sculptor, and the father, for love of his lost little one, made its likeness in marble, that he might never lose sight of it. The baby is represented as asleep, and is partially covered with a marble drapery; but its little dimpled feet — the feet that its mamma used to kiss — are seen peeping from beneath the carven covering.

"The ladies stop a long time by the baby's statue," said the guide, "and some of them weep when they see it." I suppose those who weep are sad mothers whose cradles are empty at home; and so when, far away over the sea, they stand by this sweet baby image, they think of their own little ones whom they will never see again on the earth.

It may be that by and by, when you grow up, you will go to Merrie England in search of the old scenes that you will have read and studied so much about, and on

your way to Robbie Burns's pew in the old St. Michael's Church, you will pass the sleeping baby; and then you will remember that you read about it in the *Dayspring* when you were a child.

M. F. B.

WESTERLY, R. I.

EFFECTS OF POLITENESS.

A BRAVE, active, intelligent terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey owned by an itinerant organ-grinder seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset with such undisturbed tranquillity that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter.

Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other; but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw, and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat. The effect was magical: the dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off and entered the house, refusing to leave it till he was satisfied that his polite but mysterious guest had departed. His whole demeanor showed plainly that he felt the monkey was something "uncanny," and not to be meddled with. — *The Well-Spring*.

NEVER lend an article you have borrowed, unless you have permission to do so.

TRUTH will be ever young. Integrity, uprightness, honesty, love, goodness, are all imperishable. No grave can ever entomb these immortal principles.

LEARNING TO BE PATIENT.

"MOTHER," said Mary, "I can't make Henry put his figures as I tell him."

"Be patient, my dear, and do not speak so sharply."

"But he won't let me tell him how to put the figures; and he does not know how to do it himself," said Mary very pettishly.

"Well, my dear, if Henry won't learn a lesson in figures, suppose you try to teach him one in patience. This is hard to teach, and harder to learn than any lesson in figures, and perhaps when you have learned this, the other will be easier to both of you."

Mary hung her head, for she felt that it was a shame to any little girl to be fretted by such a little thing, or, indeed, by anything; and she began to think that perhaps she deserved to be blamed as well as Henry.

A fretful, impatient child makes himself and all about him very unhappy. Will you try to learn a lesson of patience? — *Selected.*

THE GOURD AND THE PALM.

A GOURD wound itself round a lofty palm, and in a few weeks climbed up to its very top.

"How old mayest thou be?" asked the new-comer.

"About a hundred years," was the answer.

"A hundred years, and no taller! Only look! I have grown as tall as you in fewer days than you count years."

"I know that well," replied the palm. "Every summer of my life a gourd has climbed up round me as proud as thou art, and as short-lived as thou wilt be." — *Selected.*

THE DUKE, THE SCHOOLBOY, AND THE TOAD.

SOME years since, as the Duke of Wellington was taking one of his country walks, he heard a cry of distress. He saw lying on the ground a boy, his face red and swollen; as he looked upon a tamed toad, he cried as if his heart would break.

"What is the matter, my boy?" said the Duke.

"See, sir, my poor toad; I bring him something to eat every morning, but now I am going far away to school, no one will feed him, and I fear he will die."

"Do not cry, my child," answered the General; "I will have him fed, and will let you know how he gets on."

This noble soul kept his word, and more than one letter was sent to that school, beginning; "The Field Marshal, Duke of Wellington," and adding, "The toad is alive and well." — *Selected.*

ADMIRING NOT CULTIVATING.

ALMOST every one is ready to admire flowers, but there are some who are more ready to admire than to cultivate them. We have known girls who would go into ecstasies over a fine bed of flowers, and who were ever ready to pluck them to adorn their persons, or to form into charming bouquets; but these same girls would let the flowers die under their eyes for want of just a little careful weeding and watering. Well, it is just so in life. There are very many persons who admire all the virtues and graces, and are glad enough to enjoy them if somebody else will only take the pains to cultivate them. There are very many people that like to see good-nature, patience, temperance, honesty, and industry in others. — *Selected.*



For the Dayspring.

CURIOUS CARRIE.

BY LIDA C. TULLOCK.



AM sorry to say that little Carrie Harding had a great deal of useless curiosity. That is, she was always anxious to know the contents of bundles; to hear what persons were saying; to look into boxes, closets, and everything else containing articles which were intended to be kept private. When Christmas preparations were being made she was a great annoyance to her sister and brothers, for it was almost impossible to find a safe hiding place for the gifts designed for her. Her parents were greatly distressed at this unpleasant trait in their child's character, and consulted together many times, in the hope of finding some plan by which their little daughter might be cured of this habit; for they knew that if it was allowed to go unrebuked, it would be sure to make her disagreeable to all with whom she might be associated.

"Give her a good sound whipping every time she pries into anything," counselled plain-spoken Aunt Jane. "I'd soon break her of it if she was my child;" and the way she snapped her teeth together added force to her words.

But Mr. and Mrs. Harding did not believe in such harsh measures. They tried the effect of gentle reasoning and mild punishments, such as being kept in from play, or sent to bed early, and trusted that Carrie, as she grew older, would see the error of her way and overcome her fault.

When Mrs. Harding made pleasant visits to the homes of her relatives she dared not take Carrie with her. She tried it on one occasion, but the little quick fingers turned every key in the house, and the bright pry-

ing eyes looked into everything that was intended to be kept from sight.

You must not think, however, that Carrie was an altogether unpleasant little girl. Far from it. She was generous, good tempered, and loving. Her face and figure were pretty and graceful. At the time of which I write she was nine years old (old enough to behave better, perhaps some little reader will say) and was tall and slender for her age; her eyes were large and blue, her cheeks bright with health.

Her chief beauty, however, was her long blonde hair, which she wore in smooth curls held back from her face by a tasteful round comb, or a band of ribbon. I shall have to be truthful and confess that Carrie was inclined to be vain of these pretty curls, and was fond of twining them around her fingers and tossing them back to call the attention of strangers to their beauty.

It was through these same curls that she was at last broken of the habit of prying; but this part of my story will come in its own place.

"Curious Carrie" was the name by which her brothers and sister delighted to call her, and perhaps it was because she realized that it fitted her so well that made her shed so many tears over it.

The daily complaints brought against her were numerous and very trying to her mother's patience. I will give a few instances to illustrate the fact.

"Mamma, what do you think?" exclaimed Emily, as she hurriedly entered the sitting room, "Carrie has opened my desk and read my own private journal!"

A look of pain came over the mother's gentle face. "I am very sorry, Emily," she said to the indignant young girl, "I had hoped that Carrie was outgrowing her inquisitiveness."

"Indeed she isn't, mother, for only

yesterday she spoiled some experiments Ned and I were making in our workroom, by letting the air on them too soon," interrupted George, looking up from his book.

"Why did not you tell me of this, George?"

"What was the use of bothering you? I suppose we have got to put up with Curious Carrie. We were mad, though, at the time, I can tell you, but Cad is such a dear little thing, and is always so sorry for any mischief that she has done, that we have to forgive her."

"You are right to be so generous, my dear, but I am very sorry that you children are subjected to so many annoyances by your little sister."

Just at this moment the cook burst into the room, her face red with anger.

"Indade, ma'am, I can't be standing this much longer!"

"What has happened, Sarah?" inquired Mrs. Harding, with alarm.

"Why ma'am, I'd just got me day's baking in the oven and gone for some coal, when in pops little Miss Carrie and opens the oven doors to see what I'd been cooking, and down falls me cake that was of such an illegant lightness!"

"I am very sorry," responded Mrs. Harding, "and will speak to Carrie about it."

Sarah's wrath had by this time considerably subsided; she said as she left the room, "Don't be too hard on the swate child, ma'am, don't I remember how good she was to me when me tooth was so bad?"

Mrs. Harding sent for Carrie and told her of the complaints which had been brought against her. To all she gave the oft-repeated excuse, "I did not mean to do wrong, mamma, I only wanted to see what was inside."

And it seemed impossible to break her

of this desire to see "the inside of things." Circumstances at length arose, however, which led by an unexpected way to her cure.

Her brother George became very ill with scarlet fever, and as Carrie had never had the dread disease, she was sent to stay with her father's cousin Margaret, who lived in the next town.

It was not without many misgivings that Mr. and Mrs. Harding decided to place a child with so disagreeable a fault as prying, in the home of their relative. Before doing so they confided fully in Cousin Margaret, and gave her full permission to inflict punishment upon Carrie for any misdemeanors she might be guilty of.

Carrie thought it fine fun to go visiting "all by herself." She would not have her mamma near to tell her every few moments, "not to open that door, or peep into that box."

Cousin Margaret's house was full of wonderful things, for her brother was a sailor, and had brought many curiosities from foreign lands. But wonderful things are often very fragile, and before Carrie had been three days in the house she had done a great deal of mischief.

If the key to the glass doors of a large cabinet of curiosities was temptingly left in the lock, how could she help turning it, as she did one morning, and disclose its hidden treasures? The act of opening the cabinet was bad enough, but the consequences were worse; for being called away a moment she left the doors swinging wide, and Rose the cat thought it a fine opportunity to spring upon the shelf and see for herself what that hideous image which had grinned at her so long was made of. You can imagine that with four feet and a tail to manage, pussy made sad havoc with the pretty cups and saucers, the china idols, and ivory boxes.

Poor Carrie was overwhelmed with distress at the mischief she had caused, and begged Cousin Margaret to forgive her; but alas! it did not prevent her from desiring to know the contents of the pretty polished black cabinet in the hall. This had a gilded hook instead of a lock, and every time Carrie saw it, it seemed to look knowingly at her, as much as to say, "lift me up and the door will fly open."

For two days after the disastrous result of her meddling mentioned above, Carrie walked resolutely past the tempting hook, with her hands clasped tightly behind her; but at dusk on the evening of the third day the child, having nothing to do, was loitering up and down the hall, singing softly to herself. A last ray of the setting-sun came glancing through the window, and touched the brass hook of the little black cabinet, making it flash and glitter in the most tempting manner.

It was too much for Carrie. Quick as thought she sprang forward, and gave a little upward push to the hook. The door immediately flew open, and an ugly figure, dressed in red and yellow, with a hideous grinning face and long arms, flew out to clutch the affrighted girl.

Her screams brought Cousin Margaret to the scene. She quieted Carrie and then showed her that the little man was only an image fastened in the cabinet in such a way, that when the door was opened he sprang out like a "Jack-in-the-box." She then led the little girl into the parlor, sat down before the fire, and took her upon her lap.

Although gentle, she was firm, and when she said, "Carrie, this is the last time that you must unlock or look into anything that is closed, while you are in my house," Carrie knew that she meant it. "Every evening," continued Cousin Margaret, "I

will devote an hour to showing you whatever you desire to see. You will find, I am sure, more enjoyment in thus looking at my curiosities than when you steal away by yourself and pry into things that do not concern you. Now I shall watch you closely for the rest of your visit, and if you do not offend again, I will give you that beautiful turquoise ring which you admire so much. Is it a bargain?"

"Yes, ma'am," faltered Carrie, "I will try."

"Very well. But remember, my dear, that if you disobey me *once* the ring is lost, and you will be punished besides. I do not wish to be severe with you, but this fault of yours *must* be corrected."

No more tempting offer could be made Carrie than an article of personal adornment, consequently her desire to earn the ring caused her to keep a strict guard over herself, and the days passed without further transgressions.

But there was another disagreeable manner in which her curiosity was shown. She was very fond of listening at the key-holes and half open doors of the rooms in which two or more persons were conversing.

Her brother was now recovering; all danger was past and at the close of the week she was to return home. She had heard from the servant that Cousin Margaret would perhaps give her a small party before her departure.

A party! What little girl is proof against the pleasures of a party? Certainly Carrie was not. In imagination she feasted on all the good things which Cousin Margaret would be sure to provide, decided upon the dress she would wear, and thought in her silly little heart as she stood before the mirror, that none of the little girls who were to be invited, had curls of such a length and golden color as her own.

Cousin Margaret had an intimate friend with whom she discussed all her plans. So when Carrie saw this lady enter the house one evening, she imagined that she had come to talk over the party.

"Run into the dining room and play, my dear," said Cousin Margaret, "I wish to talk over some matters with Miss White."

Carrie went into the dining room, but could not amuse herself, so great was her desire to know what was going on in the parlor. At length she crept noiselessly along the hall to the half open door. She bent her head and listened. Yes, they were talking of the party. "O how nice it will be!" she was just saying to herself, when the door was quietly closed from within.

She attempted to run away but found to her dismay that she was caught fast, for some of the curls on one side of her head were shut in the door for almost their entire length. She did not know what to do; she was in such a position that she could not open the door herself, and she did not want to call for help.

But in a moment the door was opened and Cousin Margaret said quietly, "You can go to your room, Carrie."

Carrie ran away, glad to be let free, but afraid that some punishment would be given her for her bad behavior. One side of her head felt very queer. On putting her hand to it she found that some of her curls were gone. Cousin Margaret, coming up found her in tears.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"My curls are gone," sobbed Carrie.

"I know it," replied her cousin, lighting the gas as she spoke, "and here they are."

Carrie looked up and saw six of her beautiful curls hanging from her relative's hand.

"O dear, O dear, what made you cut them off?"

"I will tell you, my dear. I know a little girl who is very lovable and charming, but spoiled by a fault which will lead to very serious results if indulged in. This little girl was making a visit to a house where everything was done to make her happy. How did she repay the kindness? By prying and peering into every box and closet, and by listening at doors. Don't you think that this little girl should be punished for such conduct?"

"Yes, ma'am," faltered Carrie, "I know you mean me."

"I do mean you, and you must receive the punishment you merit. I was arranging a little party for you when I heard a slight noise at the half open door. Looking round I saw that it was you, for the draft had drawn your long curls through the opening. When I shut the doors the ends of the curls were shut in, and I cut them off with my sharp scissors. You have thus lost your curls, your ring, and your party. I shall take you home to-morrow, and explain my action to your parents."

Poor Carrie! Of course the rest of her cherished curls had to be cut off, and she was taken home a different looking, as well as different acting, girl from the one who left it. For I am happy to say that the incidents of her visit made such an impression upon her that she overcame her prying habits.

Although her father and mother were grieved at the loss of their darling's curls, they were very grateful to Cousin Margaret for the decisive step which she had taken when they saw their little daughter entirely free from her fault.

A year later, Carrie was invited to spend a month with Cousin Margaret, and during the visit she behaved so nicely that she won, not only the ring, but a most beautiful

ivory box, and was allowed to give a charming party.

Her curls by this time had grown quite long again, and every one was delighted with her sweet young face, and gentle, amiable behavior.

For The Dayspring.

A QUEER LITTLE DOG.

BY ELMER LYNNDÉ.

DID you ever see a deaf and dumb dog, little ones? It would be a very pleasant sight, I think, for there is certainly nothing more disagreeable than the barking or howling or whining of these animals. The one I am going to tell you about is really not deaf and dumb, but when he goes out visiting with his deaf and dumb master he seems to think that he must be as still as possible, and show how quietly he has been brought up.

Little Minnie Bower has a doctor for a father, who can talk in the deaf and dumb language, although he never was deaf and dumb himself. In Philadelphia, where Minnie lives, there are a great many people who can neither hear nor speak, and having found out that Minnie's father can understand them when they hold up their hands and make letters with their fingers, they come to him when they are sick. One man comes pretty often and frequently is followed into the room by his little brown dog. The little dog is very polite, and generally waits to see what his master is going to do before he settles himself. When he is satisfied that there is to be a long conversation carried on without a particle of noise, he stretches himself out as quietly as possible, not even thumping his little tail on the floor, as most little dogs do when they are contented and happy.

Very often Minnie comes into the room while these visitors are with her papa, and calls Brownie—for I believe that is his name—to her by snapping her fingers. Then Brownie seems to think that he is wanted to show off; so up he sits on his little hind legs, with two cunning little paws held up in front so long and patiently that Minnie almost expects to see him begin to talk in the sign language. After awhile, perhaps, old Tabby will make her appearance and discover this strange visitor.

Now, although she is the tamest old cat that ever lived, as a general thing never resenting anything, and even allowing her kittens to slap her disrespectfully in the face, she cannot stand an intruder on what she considers her rightful domain. So she puts her back up in the most terrible way, spits and hisses at Brownie, and would probably try to tear the poor little quiet dog to pieces if she were not driven out of the room by Minnie or her papa, and the door shut in her face.

After awhile the deaf and dumb man rises to go, and Brownie starts up immediately, acting like a little restless child who had gone out to call with its mamma on "big people" and got tired of sitting still. There are some last words to say, of course, with the fingers, and Brownie, with his eyes fixed on his master, keeps up a funny little dancing around him as if he could hardly wait for that quiet little conversation to be over, and then darts out of the door as soon as it is opened, and dances all the way home.

TELLING an untruth is like leaving the highway, and going into a tangled forest. You know not how long it will take you to get back, or how much you will suffer from the thorns and briars in the wildwoods.

THE LITTLE BOY AND THE THUNDER.

THE natural philosophy of children is very interesting; they invent just such theories of the universe as the wild nations have, with a sweet unconsciousness that they are originally myths.

During a tremendous thunder-storm a little fellow of four years old was overheard explaining to another child that lightning was just "red water that runs out of the clouds," and the thunder "the noise it makes when it goes into the ground." He lost his courage concerning thunder in one of the showers, and afterwards had to be comforted a little when one occurred. One evening, to calm his apprehensions, his father assured him that the lightning he saw was a great way off, and told him that if it were near, he could hear the thunder at once after the flash, but this time he could notice that there was quite a while between the two. The boy mused over this a little, and then queried, —

"Papa, what makes the thunder speak so long after it's got through?" — *Selected.*

IN Ithaca a little girl, attempting to describe an elephant, spoke of it as that thing that "kicks up with its nose."

A YOUTH who was trying to master a bicycle, when asked his age, said he had seen fifteen summers and about one hundred and fifteen falls.

MARY was inquisitive, and very curious about relationships. A man stopping in the family often told her of the sayings of his "little stepson." One evening, Mary came to him and said, "Please tell me some more about your door-step-son, and what made him that kind of a boy."

COME IN ON TIME.

BY ELIAS NASON.

WHETHER, my friend, you may plough, sow, or reap,

Make speeches, or music, or rhyme,
Or whether you wake, or whether you sleep,
Come in on time!

Behind the time, oh, you never can be,
Whatever your calling or clime,
From losses, crosses and jeopardy, free;
Come in on time!

Many misfortunes and sorrows of men —
Oh, how many dark deeds of crime! —
Arise from tardiness: will you not then
Come in on time?

The sun and the moon and the stars on high,
Performing their courses sublime,
The seasons, the months, the days, as they fly,
Come in on time.

Then, would you be noble, honest, and true,
And with the grand harmony chime,
Wherever you go, whatever you do,
Come in on time! — *Youths' Companion.*

AVOID EVIL-SPEAKING.

EVIL-SPEAKING is the source of much mischief. It is like a many-edged sword that cuts every way, and like a poisoned arrow whose wounds are not only painful and corrosive, but seldom healed. When once an evil word is spoken, smirching the character of an individual, that word cannot be recalled; the impression made by it upon the mind of another cannot be wholly effaced, and thus a stain is left which may work incalculable mischief to all concerned. The Arabian saying is true: "Take a bit of mud, dab it against the wall; if it does not stick, it will leave its mark." "Put them in mind," said Paul, "to speak evil of no man." The tongue is a little member, but it may be, as St. James says, "set on fire of hell," and is then capable of kindling a conflagration that is not easily put out. — *Selected.*

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSONS.

THE October number of the "Sunday-School Lessons" contains Lessons V.-IX. of the Tenth Series. This series is based on selections from the Acts and the Epistles; and the Lessons for this month are on "Paul's Early Life and Conversion;" "The Retirement of Paul;" "Paul in Antioch;" "Paul in Cyprus;" "Paul in Asia Minor." Specimen copies sent on application at the office of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

HARVEST SERVICES.

Two Concert Exercises,—"A Service of Harvest," and "A Service of Thanksgiving,"—both adapted to this season of the year, can be had at the office of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

ANNUAL MEETING.

THE Annual Meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society will be held in Lowell, Wednesday and Thursday, October 19 and 20. There will be essays by Rev. Messrs. Tilden, Barber, and Lyon, and other interesting exercises. All friends of the Sunday-school cause are invited to attend. A full announcement of the meeting will be made in the *Christian Register*:

ANY one wishing to exchange postage stamps can learn of a boy who has several hundred duplicates, by applying at the office of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, 7 Tremont Place, Boston.

WE invite our young readers to write about the second picture in this month's *Dayspring*, and send us their letters. We will publish some of the best of them.

Puzzles.

EASY ACROSTIC.

1. A fruit common in this climate.
2. A fruit of the South.
3. A fruit which grows on vines.
4. A fruit of Southern Europe.
5. A kind of peach.
6. A fruit resembling the plum.

The initials give the name of the Goddess of fruits.

SQUARE WORD.

1. The Goddess of flowers.
2. Toil.
3. Very fat.
4. An article obtained from turpentine.
5. A place of combat.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

GEOGRAPHICAL PUZZLES.

1. Ida-ho.
2. Color-a-do.
3. O-ma-ha.
4. Washing-ton.
5. Miss-is-sip-pi.
6. Am-a zon.

EASY ENIGMA.

Vacation.

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